

ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

Ramsey County Pioneer Association

MAY 11th, 1886.

— BY —

CHARLES E. FORDRAU.

Twenty-Eighth Anniversary of the Admission
of the State of Minnesota into the Union.

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*Capt H. S. Donaldson
with compliments of the
Author,*

GENTLEMEN OF THE PIONEER ASSOCIATION:

I am afraid that in choosing me for your orator on this interesting anniversary, you have made the mistake of trying to get wine out of an empty vessel. I have delivered so many addresses to associations of old settlers that I find myself pumped pretty dry, and fear I shall be compelled to commit literary piracy upon myself in the way of repetition. I shall endeavor, however, not to plagiarize upon any one else, and as I do not flatter myself that my former efforts were of sufficient importance to have become imbedded in the literature of the country, or to have indelibly impressed themselves upon the memory of those who heard them, I may be able to produce something that will be apparently new to my present audience. There is one advantage possessed by an habitual lecturer in a community constituted as ours is: it is constantly changing like our map, new and fresh supplies are ever pouring in, so he is sure that a large majority of his hearers will not detect his repetitions.

I was advised that the subject of my discourse was to be historical. Now, most history is the purest fiction; but history which embraces a period within the memory of living men does not afford the same field for imaginative decoration as does that of more ancient and remote times, and if the historian does not stick pretty close to facts some observing critic will be quite ready to call him to account, and as most pioneer addresses are necessarily historical in their character, they are apt to resemble each other to some extent when presenting the same facts and events.

None of us like to be thought old; yet all of us take a pardonable pride in being ranked among the old settlers, and take pleasure in relating history which we have assisted in making. There is a sense of superiority in being regarded as an authority in anything, but especially in matters pertaining to the past. How the old veteran glows with pride as he relates his achievements on the hard fought field. How the traveller in strange lands loves to dwell upon the wonders he has seen; and how the old settler lingers with delight upon the adventures of his pioneer life. So there is some comfort in growing old, if it is only to live your life over again by recounting your experiences and hard earned knowledge to a younger generation. I am sorry to say, however, that the privilege of garrulous narration, is generally about all the benefit that accrues to the old settler. It is a lamentable fact, that most of them allow the material benefits of discovery and selection, to slip through their fingers, to be gathered up and utilized by the more thrifty, who come after them. An observation of over thirty years, has convinced me that not one in ten of those who had the whole field to choose from, and even those who possessed sagacity enough to choose judiciously, ever benefitted much by his opportunities.

There has always been in America a peculiar race of men, which may be classified as the pioneer race. They are nomadic in all their instincts, generally with little culture, prodigious enterprise and dauntless courage. They lack that plodding patience which is the secret of success in most human undertakings. Their wants are simple, and consequently their worldly aspirations are not extravagant. Their guiding star is hope, and they are ever ready to relinquish a present

advantage for a future prospect, if presented through the glamour of romance and adventure. They have no love of locality or home, as long as the vigor of manhood remains, and they have the energy to seek new fields. Their lives are generally fruitless to themselves and their families; and after many wanderings and great toil, they disappear in poverty and obscurity, unless rescued from oblivion through the annals of some old settlers' society, which records their eventful career. Many of these men found their way into Minnesota in an early day, remained their brief time, and departed for other and more exiting scenes of chance and hazzard.

This type of American character has been immortalized in the superb fresco of Leutze in the Capitol at Washington, called "Westward the course of Empire takes its way"—in which an emigrant train is exhibited just at the point where, after a weary journey of months across the continent, it catches its first glimpse of the promised land of California. To one who has participated in such hardships, this picture is a poem full of moving pathos.

The country owes a debt to these pioneers which it can never repay; but they will always have a warm place in the hearts, and a word of good cheer from the lips of the old settlers.

I am strongly in favor of young men, who have their own way to make in life, emigrating to new countries. I have done a good deal of it myself, and can speak from experience, as well as observation. But while advocating emigration for the young, I would warn them against becoming habitual wanderers, as utterly destructive of thrift and prosperity. I would say, remain under the old and conservative order of things,

until your moral and mental training has reached a point which will counterbalance the loss of the social restraints you are about to cut loose from; then select a country that possesses the elements of material prosperity, and the sooner you get off the better. Don't become discontented because you fail to get rich in a few years, and don't above all things, get discouraged when the first crash comes; even if you fall with it. All new countries have to undergo certain financial and commercial crises, brought on by the speculation and improvidence of their inhabitants. The sooner they come the better, because it is better to gain this experience while the country possesses the vigor, elasticity and recuperative powers of youth. Let me add a word of advice to all young men who propose to try their luck in a new country, which I regard as a key to success in all walks of life. Be strictly temperate and scrupulously honorable and just in all your intercourse with men. Not more than one in ten ever adopt this course; so if you do as I advise, you will be the possessor of a capital which will stand in the market at a premium of nine hundred per cent above par, and the demand will be equal to the scarcity of the supply. The moment a capable young man is known to be sober and honest, his fortune is assured in any new country; and allow me to say that Minnesota is not at all too old for the application of the rule of conduct suggested.

The great West is an educator. If a young man immigrates to a country so new that society is unformed, over which no regular government has yet extended, where the whole civil organization is yet to be put into operation, he finds himself confronted with all these great problems, and is called upon to take an active

part in their solution. His individuality, if he has any, must display itself. He is compelled to think and act upon questions which would not have engaged his attention, except in a secondary way, in an old country, until he had arrived at a much more advanced and mature period of life. He takes his position in life according to his merits, and not upon the false basis of inheritance or fortune, as in old communities. He cannot move on carelessly in some familiar rut in which his father moved before him, because there are no such ruts marked out for his guidance. He is free to think and act for himself—relieved from all conventionalities. He collides daily with astute and independent minds, and fundamental and philosophical principles force themselves upon his consideration, and he must grapple with them. His mind expands. He becomes an original thinker, and finds a virgin field in which to test the experimental creations of his genius. His new existence is a revelation to him. A mind which might have dragged out a sluggish and routine existence in a city, or in an old settled country, when brought face to face with nature in her grandest manifestations of boundless prairies, towering mountain ranges and majestic streams, experiences a new birth—an electric inspiration utterly unknown to denizens of perfected communities. The mind of man can become fenced in as well as the country he inhabits, and it will take its color and habits from its environments. When we compare the best productions of human skill with the creations of God, we admit the truth of what the poet says:

"Nature hath nothing made so base, but can read instruction to the wisest man."

Who ever roamed over one of our limitless prairies—through the depths of a majestic forest—or down the wild canons of some mountain pass, and did not feel his whole nature exalted into harmony with the grandeur which encompassed him? Who can ever forget the sensation of awe, mingled with emancipation that he experienced on first crossing the mighty Mississippi, and knowing that he was in the West. Stolid, indeed, must be the spirit, and irresponsible the heart that is privileged to familiar intercourse with the sublime in nature, and does not become refined and enlarged.

But I must not allow my enthusiasm for the West, in general, to divert me entirely from the legitimate subject of my discourse.

I shall not attempt to enter upon the ancient history of Minnesota, if I may be allowed so to speak. I mean the period before any actual settlement by the whites was attempted within her borders, except briefly to outline such history. Up to 1849, nearly the whole of what is now Minnesota, was occupied by the Indians, and all that lies west of the Mississippi, exclusively so; and the only business transacted by white men within her boundaries, was the fur trade with these tribes. This trade had long existed, and the period it extended over, has been very appropriately and eloquently called by Minnesota's first historian, "The heroic age of American commerce." It was carried on by great companies, who employed many voyageurs in its operations. These men were mostly Scotchmen, Canadian Frenchmen, and half-breeds. It was usual to fit out a crew, with boats and a cargo in the spring, and send them off on an expedition, to exchange their goods for furs, not expecting

to see them, or hear from them again for a whole year. When, after this long absence, they returned with their rich load of fine furs, they were absolutely sure to account for every dollar that had been entrusted to them. There was a devotion to duty, and a fidelity to their employers, displayed by these men that amounted to heroism and chivalry. To risk his life in the defense or protection of his employers' property, and frequently to die in such cause, was deemed by these loyal men as simply part of his daily duty. Defalcations and embezzlement were utterly unknown among them. A braver, hardier, truer race of men was never known in any land.

It must be remembered that the present State of Minnesota had a dual mother. The part of it that lies on the east side of the Mississippi, was part of the Northwest Territory, ceded by Virginia shortly after the Revolution to the United States; and the portion lying on the west side of the river, is part of the Louisiana purchase which the United States bought from the Republic of France under Napoleon Bonaparte by treaty concluded at Paris the 30th day of April, 1803.

This treaty passed to the United States all the country occupied by the French at the mouth of the Mississippi River, and west of that stream indefinitely north. At the time this treaty was made, very little, if anything, was known of the country embraced therein, except what lay in the neighborhood of the mouth of the river. All the vast country, embracing Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Nebraska, and many of our extensive territories, was a *Terra Incognita*.

If it won't weary you, I will take both sides of the

river, and briefly trace the various political changes that have taken place in what is now our State. I shall begin on the west side. First it was the Province of Louisiana, and French. On June 30th, 1803, it became American, and remained the Province of Louisiana until March 26th, 1804, when an act was passed by congress, creating the Territory of Orleans, which included all of the Louisiana purchase south of the 33d degree of North latitude, which is the line that now divides Louisiana from Arkansas. This act gave the Territory of Louisiana a government, and called all the country to the north of it, the District of Louisiana, which was to be governed by the Territory of Indiana. The Territory of Indiana had been created on May 7th, 1800, out of the western and northwestern portions of the Virginia cession, known as the Northwest Territory. It extended to the Mississippi River, and its seat of government was at Vincennes, on the Wabash.

This continued until June 4th, 1812, when the District of Louisiana was erected into the Territory of Missouri. The west part of our State remained in the Territory of Missouri from June 4th, 1812, to June 28th, 1834, when all the public lands of the United States lying west of the Mississippi, north of the State of Missouri, east of the Missouri River, and south of the British line, was by act of congress attached to the Territory of Michigan, and was governed from the seat of government of that Territory. This part of our State remained under the government of Michigan from June 28th, 1834, until April 20th, 1836, when the Territory of Wisconsin was created. This law went into effect July 3rd, 1836, and Wisconsin took in our present territory west of the Mississippi. It

remained in Wisconsin Territory from July 3rd, 1836, till June 12th, 1838, when the Territory of Iowa was created.

Iowa took in all that part of Wisconsin lying west of a line projected from the source of the Mississippi, north to the British line, and what was west of the Mississippi River. So our western portion was included in the Territory of Iowa on June 12th, 1838, where it remained until the 3rd day of March, 1845, when the State of Iowa was admitted, with its present boundaries, leaving what was north of its north line, without any government.

We will now take up the east side of the Mississippi, and follow its various changes. As I have said before, it was originally the Northwest Territory. On May 7th, 1800, it became part of Indiana Territory, and remained so until April 20th, 1836, when it became part of Wisconsin Territory, and so remained until May 29th, 1848, when Wisconsin was admitted into the Union, with the St. Croix for its western boundary. By this arrangement of the western boundary of Wisconsin, all the territory west of the St. Croix, and east of the Mississippi, like that west of the river, was not embraced in any political organization, but was, in the language of the present day, "left out in the cold."

This brief summary gives the governmental history of Minnesota, from the time of France on one side of the river, to Virginia on the other. Of course, there was very little practical exercise of government within all the territory now composing the State, because until about 1835, there was no one to govern. The whole country was a howling wilderness, inhabited by savages.

About the first white settlement in this country, was the establishment of Fort Snelling, in 1819. At this time, the nearest point where even troops were located, was at old Fort Crawford, where now stands Prairie du Chien. In 1835 and succeeding years, small settlements grew up at Mendota and Stillwater, and a few gathered about the present site of St. Paul and the Falls of St. Anthony, so that by the time Wisconsin was admitted into the Union in 1848, there were quite a good many people on the west side of the St. Croix, who found themselves without any government. Here was an anomalous condition of things. Stillwater was quite a village, St. Anthony and St. Paul places of some importance, but less in population than Stillwater. There were many men here at that time of brains, energy and influence. Henry M. Rice, Gen. Sibley, Morton S. Wilkinson, Henry L. Moss, John McKusick, Joseph R. Brown, Martin McLeod, Wm. R. Marshall, and many others of the same character, and they did not propose to remain in an unrecognized state without any government, or at least one of doubtful jurisdiction. The question was a debatable one, whether, when the State of Wisconsin went into the Union, the part of the Territory out of which it was carved, which was not carried with it into the Union, succeeded to the Territorial government, or not? Some thought it did, but many doubted it. The difficulty, however, was solved very wisely and successfully. It was done in this way:

The Governor of the Territory of Wisconsin, Governor Dodge, was elected United States Senator, when the State of Wisconsin was created, which left the Secretary of the Territory, Mr. John Catlin, *ex officio* Governor, if there was any of the Territory of Wis-

consin for him to govern. He resided in Madison, within the new State; so if he was going to assert his gubernatorial powers over the remnant of the Territory lying west of the St. Croix, it became necessary for him to remove into that region. A correspondence was opened with him, and he was invited to come to Stillwater, and proclaim the existence of the Territorial government over the remnant of the Territory. The delegate from Wisconsin resigned, and Governor Catlin and his family, in the month of September, 1848, removed to Stillwater, and he issued his proclamation for the election of a delegate to Congress. An election was held in November following, and our distinguished and much honored fellow citizen, General Sibley, was chosen. He proceeded to Washington, and the regularity of the proceedings was recognized to the extent that he was duly admitted to a seat in the House of Representatives as a delegate from Wisconsin.

General Sibley procured the passage of an act, on March 3rd, 1849, organizing the Territory of Minnesota, out of the discarded remnants of Wisconsin and Iowa. The Territory extended from the St. Croix to the Missouri.

There is a little unwritten history connected with this transaction, which may prove interesting to the uninitiated. Before these preliminary steps were taken to get a representation for the proposed new Territory, the principal residents divided the contemplated spoils between the different communities, about as follows: General Sibley lived at Mendota, so Mendota was to have the delegate, St. Paul was to have the capital, Stillwater the penitentiary, and St. Anthony the university, which was the sum total of the government

patronage. This scheme was carried out to the letter, but it was only by the unbending honesty of General Sibley, in insisting on the original programme, that the capital was saved to St. Paul. Senator Douglas had been up here, and was familiar with localities, and had undoubtedly been the guest of Gen. Sibley at his hospitable mansion in Mendota, as almost every visitor of distinction, in those days was, and he was chairman of the committee on Territories. He very much favored Mendota as the location for the capitol, and the top of Pilot Knob as the site for the building; but the delegate would not be tempted to violate the arrangement, and we are spared the dreadful affliction of having to climb Pilot Knob every time we go to the capitol. The organization of the Territory was completed by the appointment of Alexander Ramsey, Governor; Aaron Goodrich, Chief Justice; and David Cooper and Bradley B. Meeker, Associate Justices; C. K. Smith, Secretary; Joshua L. Taylor, Marshal; and Henry L. Moss, District Attorney. Mr. Taylor did not accept the Marshalship, and Col. Alexander Mitchell was appointed in his place, and entered upon the duties of the office. Governor Ramsey, Judge Goodrich and Mr. Moss, I am happy to say, are all now residents of St. Paul, enjoying excellent health, and the highest esteem of their fellow citizens.

When the Territory was admitted, all that part of it west of the Mississippi River, was the property of the Sioux Indians, into which no one save a licensed trader, was permitted to go. It comprised, as you well know, the best part of the Territory, so, of course, it could not be allowed to remain in that condition, and proceedings were set on foot to purchase it by treaty with the Sioux. A commission was appointed,

composed of Governor Ramsey and Luke Lea, to negotiate treaties. Two were made in 1851. One at Mendota and the other at Traverse des Sioux. The first with the lower Sioux, and the latter with the upper Sioux. There were four bands or divisions of these Indians. The lower ones were called M'day-wa-kan-tons and Wak-pay-ku-tays, and the upper ones the Si-si-tons and Wak-pay-tons. When the treaties went to the Senate for ratification, that body made amendments to them, and it was 1853 before they were finally perfected. But the people did not wait for that formality to invade the country. Settlements were made at various points on the west bank of the Mississippi, and up the valley of the Minnesota, long before the final ratification of these treaties.

Her allow me to say a word about the Indians. These people are a superb race of men. I have seen a good deal of them. I have lived with them, studied their characteristics from all points of view, and I venture to say that a better race of aboriginal men never inhabited the earth than the Indians of the Northwest in America. They are splendid specimens of the animal man. Tall, well formed, athletic, and in all manly traits, such as hunters and warriors, they excel. Like all savages, they will deceive when they expect to be deceived, and in all their relations with the whites, they expect to be overreached, and are generally not disappointed.

When we judge them with regard to their rebellions and their depredations, we should be careful to make due allowances for their peculiar condition in relation to the whites, and nothing will illustrate this point better than the situation of the tribes of Sioux that inhabited the country in Minnesota, west of the Mis-

issippi. It was an Indian paradise. It had great forests of sugar trees—abounded with beautiful lakes, supplying fish in abundance. Rice swamps were numerous. Buffalo, elk, deer, beaver, and all the animals useful to the primitive man, were plentiful. Nothing was wanting to make this country one especially adapted to the Indian. He was induced to sell it. The fact is, he was compelled to sell it. He knew as well as any one, that he had to retire before the advance of a superior race, and that his only hope was to make the best bargain he could. Such transactions are called treaties, but they are treaties only in name. The superior power demands the land and offers the compensation. The inferior power knows perfectly well that if it does not accept the terms, it will ultimately be forced out of its domains, and it accepts, and that is about the secret of all Indian treaties.

Let us look at the case in hand. Here were these Indians, occupying a superb country; they were the first settlers, and had a recognized good title. They sold out, and were placed on a narrow strip of land, twenty miles wide, on the upper waters of the Minnesota River, and were to be paid certain annuities in money and goods. I know of no more desolate region than the one selected for their home. It was utterly destitute of game, and had no attractions for the Indian. It is true that when they went there they enjoyed the freedom of the great uninhabited buffalo range to the northwest of them; but that was temporary, as time has proved. That they should become discontented was natural, and that they should rebel was equally natural. Whether or not they were fairly dealt with, I have nothing to say. I administered their affairs for a few years, and did my best for their in-

terests, but I had a hard time of it in the delinquencies of the government. The money was rarely on time, and the consequent suffering of the Indians rendered the supplies, when they did arrive, of not much avail. I don't pretend to say that their rebellion in 1862 was justified; but I do say that if I had been an Indian, I would have felt very rebellious.

The poor devils have disappeared from the face of the earth, as many savage races have gone before them; but while I admit the necessity of their annihilation, I cannot suppress a profound regret that our great civilization could not have devised some means to assimilate them, and prevent their utter destruction. They were a gallant race, generous, hospitable, true according to their teachings, and the best warriors this continent ever produced.

It is the one result of a superior race coming in contact with an inferior one. The lands are wanted and will be had. A fighting people never yield to anything but force. A haughty savage race never can be civilized. Labor to them is degradation. They can die fighting, but they won't work. You might as well expect to put a hoe in the hands of the deposed royalty of France, as to make a Sioux warrior a husbandman.

The world will never be made to understand this state of things, because the world, knows nothing of the Indian. But I, who have met him on his native plains, in all the majesty of his royal freedom, must be pardoned if I say that I have a great sympathy for poor *Lo*.

From 1849 to 1857, the growth of the Territory was phenomenal. Many people immigrated to us, and speculation ran riot. Towns on the land sprang into

existence with great rapidity, and towns on paper were thicker than locusts in Egypt. But there was very little beside towns. Agriculture of any kind was hardly known. We imported everything, even to the hay on which the horses in this city were fed. I have known boat loads of baled hay brought all the way from Dubuque, while millions of tons of it were growing in the Minnesota bottoms, which only needed the cutting. The current rate of interest was three and five per cent. per month, which attracted much capital here, and served only to excite speculation and augment the debt of the people. Everybody borrowed all they could, to operate in town lots with. Property in this city reached prices in 1856 which it has never, in some instances, attained since. Everybody felt rich, and things went on in the most jolly and swimming manner. No one thought of the fact that we had not a single thing to sell except town lots, and that we had everything to buy. It is a curious retrospect now. How intelligent men could have been so deluded, it is almost impossible to comprehend, except upon the principle that the actual settler brought very little with him, and had nothing to lose, and if a final collapse arrived, he would not be any worse off than he was before, except perhaps debts of a few hundred thousand dollars, which he owed to Eastern lenders, which calamity he generally consoled himself to upon the ground that if the other fellow could stand it, he ought to be able to.

Well, as ought to have been expected, one bright morning, the news arrived that the Ohio Life and Trust Company had failed, and then followed a succession of failures all over the East, in rapid sequence. The supplies were instantly cut off, and then came a

resistless drain on the country for all the money there was in it. It flowed out as fast as it had flowed in, until the last cent had disappeared. Foreclosures followed as fast as demands fell due, and property that had been rated at thousands, went for fives and tens. Never was a smash-up more complete and universal. There was not money enough in the country to do the ordinary commerce of daily life. Every butcher, baker, and candlestick maker issued tickets, good at his place for twenty-five and fifty cents, and that was all the money we had. The idea of paying a debt was simply regarded as a joke. But if my memory serves me correctly, we did not fail to get all we wanted to eat, and our grog was neither stopped nor curtailed. People, when they are all in the same boat, generally devise some means of barter or credit to keep things going. If no one can buy, no one can sell, so the matter adjusts itself satisfactorily, in some way.

When I think of those times, and the real estate I could have bought for a few hundred dollars, it reminds me of the man who said he could have purchased Chicago for \$200 at one time. When he was asked why he didn't take it, he said that was simple enough: He didn't happen to have the two hundred dollars.

The effect of this financial ruin was most salutary. People discovered that labor was the only substantial foundation of prosperity, and that the attempt to evolve something out of nothing, was, as it always will be, a dismal failure. So they went to work. The fact is, it was "Hobson's Choice." It was "root little pig or die." Farms were opened, and industrial enterprises, of all kinds, entered upon. With a soil and climate like that of Minnesota, an enterprising people, aided by a continual flow of immigration, the recu-

peration was, considering the utter depression that prevailed, rapid and encouraging. But it was many long and weary years before the burthen of debt was removed, and prosperity once again began to smile upon our country.

It was just at this critical period that the Territory made the greatest blunder of its history. A magnificent grant of lands had been made by Congress to the Territory, to aid in the construction of railroads. Companies were formed to build them, and the lands turned over to the companies. This land was, of course, expected to be the basis of procuring money to build the roads, but the financial crash put an end to all enterprises of the kind. You could not lure a dollar of outside capital into them on any terms, and of home capital, there was scarcely sufficient to keep the pot boiling, let alone building railroads. It was then the scheme was devised of bonding the Territory for five millions of dollars, to aid in the work. When I look back upon the scene, it appears incredible that such a proposition should have met with encouragement. Here was a country utterly bankrupt, without resources of any kind; in fact, without visible means of support. How it should be expected that any one would purchase the promises of such a debtor, was a mystery; but the case was desperate, and something had to be done. So, like the ship-wrecked mariners, who felt the necessity of performing some religious ceremony, and did not know how to pray, they concluded to take up a collection.

On February 6th, 1857, an enabling act had been passed by Congress, authorizing us to frame a constitution preparatory to admission into the union of States. We did so the following summer, and like

sensible people, we provided that the credit of the State should never be extended to any individual or corporation, and that the State debt should not exceed two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. So to issue these bonds we were compelled to get round these constitutional provisions in some way, and an amendment was at once submitted to the people allowing this loan, and it went through like a whirlwind, being adopted almost unanimously, April 15th, 1858.

The plan was to issue the bonds to the companies at so much a mile of grading the several roads. The whole scheme proved of course a failure; a good deal of grading was done, but by the time the people saw about two million and a half of the bonds out, they became convinced that they would never hear the whistle of a locomotive which depended upon the expenditure of the whole sum, and they became as clamorous to repeal the amendment as they had been to adopt it. Immediately upon this return of reason, another amendment was submitted, which wiped out the former one, and went to the unjustifiable and, I may say, dishonest extent of declaring that the bonds already out, should never be paid unless sanctioned by a vote of the people. This was adopted by an immense majority, November 6th, 1860.

That is a brief history of the five million loan, which has been so often characterized by people who knew very little about it, as "an old Teritorial fraud," when they were seeking to add dishonor and injustice to a mere act of indiscretion, by the repudiation of an honest obligation. The whole transaction was simply a bad bargain, made at a time when the country was struggling in the throes of financial dissolution, and any remedy that presented itself was seized upon as a

drowning man clutches at a floating straw. The folly was in going into it; the crime was in trying to sneak out of it under the shield of State sovereignty, which should never be invoked, save in the cause of human rights, and the defense of the honor of the commonwealth.

The stigma of repudiation rested on us for many long years, until a Minnesotian dreaded to see the name of his State in an Eastern journal, or hear it on the floor of Congress, because it was usually coupled with dishonor. Fortunately, the matter was finally patched up, and our creditors satisfied, whether our consciences were or not. Would it not be well to reflect on this indiscretion of our youth, and its disagreeable consequences, when we are called upon to vote debt after debt of millions upon our State, our counties and our municipalities. I have often been led to the conclusion that bitter experience has not made us very much the wiser. The crash of 1857, and the railroad debt, were our first misfortunes, and they may have been blessings in disguise, so little do we comprehend the philosophy of events.

A curious political phase attended our early State life. We had been invited by Congress to frame a constitution and come into the Union; in fact, it had been pretty broadly hinted that we were well able to take care of ourselves, and that if we did not hurry up and apply for admission, our supplies would be cut off. So we had no reason to expect any opposition to our admission. In the fullness of this confidence, we provided in the constitution, that the Territorial officers should hold their places until superseded by the authority of the State, and that the first State Legislature should convene on the first Wednesday of

December, 1857, the election being on October 13th, 1857, we of course taking it for granted that before the date fixed for the sitting of the legislature, we would be snugly in the Union. But we were taught the lesson of the folly of assuming that Congress will ever do the right thing. The election came off, all the State officers were elected, and being very modest, we elected three members of Congress, when it was quite doubtful whether we were entitled to more than one. This fortunate trio were George L. Becker of St. Paul, W. W. Phelps, of Red Wing, and James M. Cavanaugh, of some town in the southern part of the State, I think Preston. The latter gentleman commonly went under the familiar name of "Our Jim." They betook themselves to Washington, full no doubt of the reflected glory of the Star of the North, but they struck a snag in the outset. In the first place, it was discovered that we had made our delegation too numerous, and only two would be allowed seats. In the second place, they had the misfortune to be democrats, and there was a contested seat about to be decided from Ohio, between Valandingham and Lew Campbell, I think, and the House was so close that it was feared by the republicans, that if Minnesota's representatives got in, they might turn the scale for Valandingham. So the only way to prevent his getting his seat was to keep the State out, which they succeeded in doing until May 11th, 1858. The manner in which the representatives decided among themselves which two should stay, and which one should return home, has never been recorded. Various conjectures have been hazarded upon the point. It was said that it was done by a three-handed game of euchre; also by the drawing of straws, and the cutting for the highest cards,

but however it was settled, Phelps and Cavanaugh were chosen in, and Becker chosen out.

This postponement of our entry into the Union gave rise to the political predicament which I have referred to. When the first Wednesday of December, 1857, arrived, the State legislature elected under the State constitution, which had not as yet been ratified by Congress, met at the capitol, and proceeded to pass laws for the government of the Territory, which was in full life. None of the State officers could assume the functions of their several offices, because the constitution under which they had been chosen explicitly provided that the Territorial officers should remain in until the admission of the State. So the situation, as you will readily see, became rather complicated. But the State legislature went on and made laws, and sent them to the Territorial Governor for approval, and he performed that ceremony with the skill and complacency of the old political veteran that he was. The gubernatorial chair was then filled by Sam. Medary, of Ohio, about as experienced a politician as that period had produced. Many thought the whole performance was void, and many differed as is always the case under such abnormal conditions. I am happy to be able to say, that when the solution of this very difficult question came up for final decision, it found itself confided to no less a personage than myself, and I, with that common sense which should always govern a frontier judge, held it was all right and perfectly constitutional. What else could one do? They had passed an immense book full of laws, and the job of declaring them all unconstitutional at once was rather too formidable an undertaking for a boy, so I did the only common sense thing there was to do, but I felt a good

deal as the jury did when they acquitted the man of murder, but said he must be careful not to do it again.

The indignation of the people at being trifled with, as we considered Congress was trifling with us, and especially the newly elected State officers, who wanted to be installed and couldn't, was immense. We threatened revolution and rebellion. We swore we were a State out of the Union, and we could and would go it alone, and prove to the world that we could make four points on the hand we held; but we didn't do anything of the kind; we had gained a good deal of experience, and waited until we were regularly admitted, just as Dakota is doing at the present time. When one comes to reasonably reflect upon such a state of affairs, about the only difference there is between being a Territory out of the Union, and a State in the Union is, that several gentlemen in the latter case hold fat offices, and the people have to pay their own expenses, and in the former case these gentlemen don't have the fat offices, and Uncle Sam foots the bills. I have helped bring two States into this beloved union of ours, and can hold up my right hand and swear that if the bottom facts could be gotten at with certainty, the ambition of a couple of gentlemen who want to see how they would look in the United States Senate, has been the moving cause for the change in both instances.

There was one event in the progress of our passage into the Union that should not be overlooked in an historical resume of our past. The enabling act provided for the election of a constitutional convention. It was duly elected, and was about evenly divided between the democrats and the republicans. You must remember that the democratic party had been in possession of the government of the nation for a long

series of years, and was composed of the old and experienced politicians of the country, and the party now sometimes called the "grand old party," was then a very weak infant just three years of age. From the beginning there were evidences of a determined struggle to control the convention by both parties. The republicans were fearful of some *coup d'etat* on the part of their adversaries by which they would be overreached, and to forestall any such movement, the night before the assembling of the convention they took possession of the House of Representatives and all slept there so as to be sure to be there first in the morning. The democrats, led by Governor Gorman and General Sibley, determined on a more reasonable and regular method of gaining their ends. They quietly canvassed the situation, looked up the precedents, and decided upon their course of conduct. It was found that when no hour was fixed for the meeting of the convention by the authority calling it, noon of the day was the parliamentary time, and that when no one was authorized to call it to order, the Secretary of the Territory was the proper officer to perform that duty. It happened, fortunately, that the Secretary of the Territory, Mr. Chase of St. Anthony, was a member and a democrat. The plan was for the democrats to march into the hall exactly at the hour of noon, with Mr. Chase at their head, and as soon as the head of the column reached the speaker's desk, he was to spring into the chair and call the convention to order, and General Gorman was to move an adjournment until the next day. This was for two purposes. *First*, to get possession of the chair, and *Second*, to gain time to get in some of our absentee members—the delegation from Pembina, ever reliable but not over punctual,

not having arrived. The leader of that delegation, my old friend Joe Rolette, was a little inclined to linger by the wayside after entering the precincts of civilization, the allurements of which he could not resist.

When the secretary reached the speaker's desk, he mounted it in an instant and called the convention to order. The republicans were a little dazed by the celerity of the movement; but almost at the same moment, John W. North sprang into the chair and also began to call the convention to order. The words were hardly out of the secretary's mouth before General Gorman made a motion to adjourn, which was put by the speaker, all the democrats voting aye, and when the negative was put, most of the republicans voting no. So we secured a large majority of the whole body voting on the question, which was declared carried, and the democrats marched solemnly out as they had marched in. This movement left the republicans in a quandary. The motion had undoubtedly been legally carried. Neither party had a quorum of the whole, although both parties swore they had. The republicans took the bull by the horns, organized the convention out of what members they had, and went to work making a constitution; on the morning following, the democrats announced themselves as the convention and demanded the hall, which they asserted was held and occupied by a mob of citizens. They would not surrender, however, and to avoid violence, and undoubtedly bloodshed, for both parties were heavily armed, the democrats retired to the senate chamber and there organized what they insisted was the only legal convention. General Sibley was made president

of the democratic wing, and St. A. D. Balcomb of Winona, of the republican wing.

The two bodies sat for fifty-four days, if I remember aright, and about the end of the time found out that there were no serious differences between them that could find expression in a constitution, and that the two instruments were substantially the same. They also cooled down sufficiently to fear that if they sent two constitutions to Congress that body would probably reject them both, so they finally made a joint committee and turned the two instruments into one, which was signed by all the members of both wings, except one, Mr. Henry N. Setzer, a German from the St. Croix Valley, who swore it was not the work of the convention, and he would have nothing to do with it. It has been said of me that I am such an unbending democrat, that when the party is named in my presence I always make the sign of the cross, but I am a mere infant in that respect compared to the iron-clad faith held by my old friend Setzer. He would have let the State stay out forever before he would have recognized the work of the enemy in the constitution.

The democrats had one decided advantage over the republicans in this protracted struggle. We held the treasury. George Armstrong was the Territorial Treasurer, and he could not be induced by threats or cajolery to pay any warrant not signed by General Sibley, and of course he only signed the pay warrants of the democrats. It is difficult to say which side did the most of the yielding, but starvation has always been a formidable weapon in a siege, and hotels and bar-rooms will not run a score forever.

The haste with which the constitution was completed

naturally carried into it several inaccuracies, although on the whole it was a pretty good one. One defect was seized upon by the opponents of admission. The term of State senators was fixed at two years, and the term of members of the House was not fixed at all. It was asserted that they were elected for life, and that a government in which the popular branch of the legislature was chosen for life, was not republican in form. Alexander H. Stevens of Georgia, whom you will all remember as a man of great powers of reasoning, and a strong States' rights man, answered this objection very fully. He said the people of Minnesota could elect any of their officers for life or any other term they pleased, and so long as the government was properly divided into the three great independent divisions, and was based on the will of the people, it was republican, and Congress had nothing whatever to do with the tenure of offices in a State.

After we were admitted as a State, we jogged along very quietly until the next, and perhaps the greatest event of our whole career occurred; this was the building of the first railroad. Many gentlemen had given much time and labor to this work, prominent among whom were Edmund Rice, the present mayor of St. Paul, Col. William Crooks, and others. Capital was as shy as a maiden with her first lover. But after extraordinary efforts, sufficient was procured to build the first ten miles between St. Paul and St. Anthony. These ten miles of road cost more brain work and anxiety than all the rest of the system put together. They were built in 1862. The first locomotive that ever whistled in Minnesota was called the "William Crooks," which was a well deserved compliment to an intelligent and energetic pioneer in our railroad work.

The progress that has been made since that time has been so extraordinary throughout the whole State, and the prosperity that now prevails is apt to make us forget the past difficulties which have been met and overcome in our career. The building of Minnesota has not been an easy task, and the pioneers who have performed the work, and achieved the victory, have not always slept upon a bed of roses. About contemporaneous with the financial disaster of 1857, came the Indian massacre at Spirit Lake, in the southwestern part of the Territory, known in our history as the Ink-pa-doo-ta war. Ink-pa-doo-ta was a vagabond Indian of the Sioux tribe, who, with a small band of followers, had separated himself from the Lower Sioux before the treaties of 1851, and led a predatory life over on the Vermillion and Big Sioux rivers. His band did not participate in these treaties, nor in the annuities paid under them. In March, 1857, they attacked some settlements in the northwest corner of Iowa and in the southwest part of our State, near Spirit Lake, and massacred about forty-two people. They carried into captivity four women, and made good their escape to a point called Skunk Lake, about seventy-five miles southwest from the mouth of the Yellow Medicine River, where I then had my headquarters as United States agent for the Sioux. One of these women was purchased by some of my Indians and delivered to me. Her name was Mrs. Marble. The occurrence, of course, created a great excitement throughout the Territory, and the legislature appropriated ten thousand dollars to secure the rescue of the others. The whole matter was placed in my hands by Governor Medary; but before I heard of the appropriation I had acted on my own responsibility, sent

out a party of Indians and secured possession of the only one of the women who survived, a Miss Gardner. I turned these women over to the governor, and the whole cost of the enterprise, including the rescue of both the prisoners, was less than four thousand dollars, if I remember correctly. I delivered a paper before the State Historical Society on the subject some time ago, where I went into all the particulars with accuracy and in detail. Time forbids more than a mere mention of the incident here as one of the leading events of our history, with a reference to its consequences.

There is one matter connected with the transaction of the rescue of the women, however, that may interest you, which, having some curious and amusing features, I will take the liberty of relating. After we had got possession of Mrs. Marble, I had to employ the same Indians to obtain the others, and seeing their advantage, they demanded payment of twelve hundred dollars for the rescue of Mrs. Marble. I had no public fund applicable to any such purpose, and could only raise a few hundreds among the traders, but as every moment was precious and might be worth a life, I resorted to the not unusual expedient of issuing a bond on three months' time, drawn on the faith I had in the humanity of the people of the Territory. As it was the first bond ever issued by what is now the State of Minnesota, and as it is somewhat peculiar in form, and possesses the singular history of being promptly paid at maturity, I will give it to you in full.

"I, Stephen R. Riggs, missionary of the Sioux Indians, and I, Charles E. Flandrau, U. S. Indian agent for the Sioux, being satisfied that Mak-pe-ya-ka-ho-ton and Se-ha-ho-ta, two Sioux Indians, have performed

a valuable service to the Territory of Minnesota and humanity by rescuing from captivity Margaret Ann Marble, and delivering her to the Sioux agent; and being further satisfied that the two remaining white women who are now in captivity among Ink-pa-doo-ta's band of Indians depend much upon the liberality of the Territory of Minnesota, through its government and citizens, have this day paid to said above-named Indians the sum of \$500 in money, and do hereby pledge to said two Indians that the further sum of \$500 will be paid to them by the Territory of Minnesota, or its citizens, within three months from the date hereof.

Dated May 22d, 1857, at Pajutazizi, M. T.

STEPHEN R. RIGGS, A. B. F. M.

CHAS. E. FLANDRAU,

U. S. Agent for Sioux."

The rescuing party went out with a pretty good outfit of horses, goods and provisions, and brought in Miss Gardner; Mrs. Thatcher and Mrs. Noble having been killed before their arrival. Miss Gardner afterwards became Mrs. Sharp, and has recently published a very interesting book on the subject of the massacre, her captivity and rescue.

The effect of this massacre was greatly to deter settlement on the remote frontier, and was a very injurious blow to our growth. But such matters are soon forgotten in the West, and the ripple made on the surface of our prosperity soon calmed down, and the adventurous pioneer found his way once again into that devastated region.

I have carried in my pocket ever since that event a coin with the mark of a bullet on it that killed Bill Wood, of Mankato, on the head waters of the Des Moines, just north of Spirit Lake. It was found in the snow close to his body.

The country had hardly become tranquilized from

the Ink pa-doo-ta scare of 1857, before the terrible massacre of 1862 was precipitated upon us. The magnitude of this outbreak has never been fully appreciated, except by those who were here at the time. It occurred while the country was engaged in the great Rebellion, where the killing of a thousand people in a day or two, hadly made a perceptible ripple on the public mind. Yet it was in fact the greatest Indian massacre that has ever taken place from the first settlements on the Atlantic coast to the present day. The massacre in the Wyoming Valley, which has been immortalized in song, was a trifle in comparison to it. The atrocities that accompanied it will never be known except to those who were on the ground, and its influence on our material prosperity, although temporary, was immense. The actual destruction of property went into the millions, and the suffering consequent upon it was enormous.

On the 18th of August, 1862, the Sioux rebelled. Their first act was to butcher all the people at the agencies. They then spread over the country east, west and south, in small squads, killing the people in detail from house to house. The general plan was to go to a house in a friendly way, and without exciting any apprehension. The first opportunity that presented itself they would shoot the man, and then slaughter the women and children. These devastations extended to Iowa on the southwest, about the neighborhood of the town of Hutchinson on the east, and nearly to St. Peter on the south. They killed on the 18th and 19th of August, nearly, if not quite a thousand people. Organized efforts of resistance and attack were made immediately by the citizens, and the Indians were finally driven out of the State and across the

Missouri River, and we have never been disturbed by the Sioux since.

At this time the whole tribe of the Winnebagoes were located in the county of Blue Earth, within a dozen miles of Mankato, on a tract of the best land in the State. Though it would be difficult to prove that they took any part in the outbreak, except in individual instances, the excitement and alarm of the whites so increased their natural antipathy to the Indians that the government was forced to remove the Winnebagoes westward and out of the State. So, as is generally the case, some good came out of this dreadful calamity. For a long time what had been the frontier was depopulated, and many settlers left the State never to return. I can remember that I used to issue letters or passes to women who had lost their husbands, children who were made orphans, and crippled and disabled men, which purported to be good over all lines of transportation in the United States, and at any hotels. It is a grand commentary on the humanity of people in general, that these passes, issued without any authority whatever, and only as a request, were in every case that ever came to my knowledge duly honored, and the unfortunates reached their friends in the East and South safely and comfortably.

The nature of the present occasion forbids my doing more than to mention this event in our history, but I can assure those who are unfamiliar with its varied trials and incidents, that they will find a perusal of the books and reports that have been written concerning it profoundly interesting and instructive.

Hardly had confidence been restored, and immigration once more been successfully directed to our frontiers, then we were afflicted with another and

much more dangerous enemy than the Indians could possibly become. We could fight them, but this last scourge defied all resistance; before the ravages of the grasshopper the ingenuity and the courage of man were helpless. The Indian could kill some of us, but we had the satisfaction of being able to kill back. The grasshopper destroyed our sustenance, undermined the value of our lands and goods, utterly impoverished us, and we were compelled to sit with folded hands and see our fortunes fade away before our eyes, powerless to strike a blow in our defence.

For four long and weary years did this blight rest upon the fair bosom of our State. Every conceivable scheme was devised to rid us of the pests, but all were utterly unavailing. Year after year the area of their ravages widened, until it became a very serious question whether the people or the insects would remain in possession of the State. Many portions of our land had to be sustained by public bounty. Taxes had to be suspended because of the utter inability to pay them, and, I tell you what, the atmosphere of Minnesota was about the bluest and most disheartening that it has ever been my fate to experience. I remember seeing a map of the State called the grasshopper map, which showed by red lines their annual encroachments, and the area enclosed within the last line, I assure you, embraced quite three-quarters of the State. The science of entomology was utterly at fault either to suggest a remedy or foreshadow a hope.

Just in the midst of this gloom and depression, the grasshoppers rose up in a body and disappeared. No one knew where they went; they were never satisfactorily accounted for. Such a vast multitude could never have descended on any part of this continent,

and some one not have heard of them. Reports did come from Atlantic steamers that they had passed large areas of floating insects, and it is generally believed that they were blown out to sea and there perished.

The first visitation they ever made to this country, that I know anything about, was in 1856 or '57. Vast flights of them came over the head waters of the Minnesota River, from the northwest, and disappeared in a southeasterly direction. The flight was several miles in with. In their passage they devoured everything green. I had a quarter section of wheat about ten or twelve inches high, near the Red Wood River, that lay in their path. It being the only cultivated ground in sight, the rich green was beautiful to look upon in the surrounding waste. In four hours that field was eaten not only to the ground but *into* the ground. They would follow the succulent stalk below the surface and devour it. The field was black when they left it. These insects did not remain, and as there was very little cultivation at the time, their presence was hardly noticed. These were the same grasshoppers that once produced a famine among the Mormons in Utah in the early days of their occupation of that country.

The four years of the great struggle for the preservation of the Union, from 1861 to 1865, was a heavy strain on our resources; we sent to the war about twelve thousand men who remained away an average of three years, not counting those who never returned but gave their lives to the cause of their country.

So you see there have been many and serious difficulties in the path of our growth, but they have all been manfully met and conquered, and after twenty-

eight years of State life, we have emerged from obscurity to the commanding position we now occupy in the sisterhood of States. What are we? A commonwealth of about a million people, occupying a country unsurpassed in salubrity of climate, in fertility of soil, and in the moral and enterprising character of our population. We have to-day a railroad system reaching far beyond the settled portions of our country, inviting the settler to fields of industry never before offered to the immigrant. By the energy and far-seeing wisdom of our people we have abolished the frontier, and deprived the pioneer of his profession. The land teems with fatness and prosperity. I challenge any similar extent of country on the continent to present a picture of richness equal to Minnesota. Our State is what you have made her—a noble and respected member of a grand constellation of free, independent and happy commonwealths. Well does she bear her name of the Star of the North.

Having erected such a model State, would it not be as well to turn our attention to the subject of perpetuating to our posterity the fruits of our handiwork? Will the present advance towards greatness and wealth continue uninterruptedly and smilingly in the future as in the present? Are our political and economic systems on a solid basis? Are there no worms gnawing at the roots of our supposed security that some day may overthrow all we have achieved, threaten the foundations of our liberties, and plunge us into civil war and anarchy? I am not a croaker; I always take the roseate view of passing events as far as possible; but we cannot shut our eyes to the serious questions that are daily forcing themselves upon our consideration. The whole Union to-day is convulsed

with a strife between capital and labor, and no country on earth except our own could stand the strain we are now undergoing without civil war and terribly bloody consequences.

There are only two causes, in my judgment, that can overthrow our institutions, and they are, universal suffrage and universal immigration. Our safety-valve for both these evils, for evils they are, has been heretofore our unoccupied territory, which carried off surplus population and left room enough in our older and more densely settled communities for labor to find remunerative occupation. This safety-valve has not yet been closed, but with the rush of immigration consequent upon the greater facilities afforded by improved ocean transportation, it soon will be, and all labor will find itself as cribbed and cramped as in Europe. Is there any remedy? On the subject of universal suffrage, I fear not. We started wrong, and the evil has grown to such proportions that all avenues of retreat seem to be cut off. It would be like appealing to the devil to establish reform. The privilege of sharing in the government of this nation, which should be regarded as an inestimable boon, only to be enjoyed by those who have proved themselves worthy of it, is now largely in the hands of people who are alien to our traditions, alien to our language, and hostile to all forms of government—communists, anarchists, nihilists, and enemies of society. If this power cannot be recalled, may it not be checked before it is too late? I see but one way.

I have always been inclined towards the doctrine of free trade, but the subject of free trade and protection has heretofore been confined to the products of labor and not to labor itself. We have protected cotton,

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sugar, wool, iron, and ten thousand other things much to the impoverishment of our agricultural interests, and the multitudes of our consumers of all classes and occupations, but no one has ever yet presented any plan for the protection of our labor; on the contrary, until the Chinese prohibition was recently enacted, the effort of all our people has been to throw our doors wide open to increase competition in all branches and grades of labor, and consequently to lessen its value and oppress the laborer. It was a very common thing to see the manufacturers of New England, when they reduced the wages of their operatives to a starvation basis, and driven them to strikes and rebellion, to fill their places with new importations of Chinese, Poles, Hungarians, Italians, Bohemians, and people of all foreign nations whom they could import by the cargo to supplant American free labor. This has occurred in almost all branches of American industry, and with the one result of driving the American to the wall, to poverty and want, or out of the natural channel of his occupation. So unbearable did this condition of things become in our Pacific States, that the congress of the nation decreed that the Chinese immigration should stop, and we all say amen. None more gladly than the laboring man.

Now, when you come to reflect on the subject, the poor Chinaman was only offensive because he undermined our American labor. That was his only fault. He did not carry any red flags, nor clamor for the blood of everybody who had been industrious enough in life to have accumulated some property. He did not want to subvert the government and substitute the rule of the proletariat. Not at all. He was a patient, submissive hard worker, and orderly man, but his com-

petition was ruinous, and he was very wisely told that for this sin alone we did not want him and would not have him. Now, where is the justice or the sense of expelling the Chinaman, or prohibiting his coming, if the gates of the nation are thrown open to all the rest of the world, and they are invited to swarm into our labor field and not only drive our laborers to poverty and starvation, but flaunt their bloody emblems in the faces of our people, threatening rapine and chaos.

If it was a good thing to exclude the Chinaman because our labor could not stand his competition, then it must be an equally good thing to cut off other streams of competition, that bring with them not only distress to our laborers but danger to our institutions. Let statesmen who are ever ready to pander to the votes of the laboring masses, and who have been taxing the people of the nation by high duties on imported goods, take up the subject of protecting American labor. Let them either cut off foreign immigration, as they have done in the case of the Chinese, or put such a tariff on it as will exclude the paupers and criminals of all the world from our land, protect our laborers, and purify the sources of our governmental fountain. The laboring man who can't see that this is his only safety must be blind indeed. I look for a party in this nation based on protection of American labor by high protective tariff on foreign immigration, and I expect the laboring men of all parties and nationalities to be the ones who will create and uphold it.

When I speak of American labor, I of course mean to include the laboring men of all nationalities, who, in good faith, have cast their lot with us. I am willing that matters should remain as they are, but I am utterly opposed to allowing the Czar of Russia, Prince

Bismarck, and their colleagues, to dump upon our shores the turbulent elements which they cannot control except by expulsion. We are capable of a good deal of resistance, but the accumulated dynamitic filth of all Europe will, in my judgment, prove too much for even our robust constitution. The sooner we cut off this string the better.

No reflecting man, who calmly surveys the present condition of our labor question and reflects that we are only one hundred years old, can fail to see that with universal suffrage and unlimited immigration, there is necessarily contained within the body politic the germs of its own dissolution, and that quite speedily. The remedy I propose must be applied before the communistic element becomes sufficiently strong to be a factor in politics able to frighten politicians. Now it is freely condemned by all parties; once allow it to become powerful by accretions from abroad, and it will be too late to act. Then the question will have to be met as all such questions must be, by a death struggle, only to be determined by physical strength and the destruction of free institutions.

I would have liked very much to have reviewed the attempt to remove the capital from St. Paul to St. Peter that was made in 1856, and the interesting and amusing events that accompanied that curious episode in the history of our Territory, but as you are nearly all citizens of St. Paul and old settlers, you no doubt recall it by the mere mention of the fact, and time warns me to conclude. Having told you what the State was made of, who made it, how it was made, and how to preserve it in its grandeur and prosperity, I bid you farewell, hoping to meet you all again on many returns of this most interesting anniversary.